



WHEN RUFUS SINGS by RJ March ILLUSTRATIONS by Josman

Jake says this time it will be all right, but Kevin's not so sure. He's thinking otherwise. This is looking like something else to Kevin, a step into something murky and deep, something he might not be able to shake, a commitment to something he doesn't quite believe in. He leans back on his haunches and wipes sweat off his forehead, which seems a little higher every day. He keeps his hair short and wears a ball cap constantly. He looks for it now.

He still has his shirt on and his socks. His shorts are by the door; his sneakers beside the futon. His hat is nowhere to be seen. His cock drops, heavy-headed, juicy. It comes to rest on the sheet under him, making a wet spot.

Jake comes up off his elbows, turning around to face him. "We don't have to," he says. "I mean, if you don't want."

Kevin looks at Jason's eyes. He shrugs. His cock shudders and shrinks. Jake doesn't look at it; his eyes move all around Kevin's face. What is he thinking, Kevin wonders.

Jake's closet door is open and his clothes lay outside it as though trying to get back in, to get back on hangers and shelves. Kevin sees a hat that is not his. Jake bows, taking hold of Kevin's dick and lifting it to his lips, and Kevin feels Jake's hot kiss and sliding tongue, and the softening flesh pumps full and hard again in the heat of Jake's mouth, and Kevin gets his legs out from under him, wanting to stand because he likes it best that way and it's easier, he thinks. He touches Jake's head with his fingertips, gently like that, and pushes his cock -- fat-shafted, nearly twice as thick as long -- into the mouth, watching closely to see how much Jake can take.

Jake stifles a gag, and his eyes go watery, looking up at Kevin, watery eyes saying, Yeah, I like it.

He doesn't know Jake very well. He's not sure he wants to know him any better than this, on the end of his dick, head bobbing, noisy-mouthed. He moves his hips a little and holds Jake's head still, feeding him cock, and Jake swallows him up. He grasps the shaft; it fills his fist. He tickles his fingers into the fuzzy crack behind Kevin's swinging balls. Kevin's hole tightens up. He makes rocks of his ass cheeks, and Jake finds himself fingering a furry line, a sealed crevice. It is a big ass, and solid, and Jake takes the stony cheeks in his hands as cock slides in and out of his mouth. When he pulls back, they disconnect with a small pop, and Jake's cramping jaw hangs not quite slack, and his tongue soothes his battered lips, and he looks up again.

His face between Kevin's hands. Rough hands. Nails bitten to their quicks. A gold clodagh ring on his right middle finger. A heavy silver watch hanging loose on his left wrist. Kevin looks down at the face between his hands, dark hair with a little flip up front, sides short, double-ought clipped, showing a small divot of a scar behind his right ear. He cannot remember Jake's middle name, but he remembers the story behind the scar. Jake blinks, lips parted. He wants it, Kevin is thinking.



He slips in again, watching the mouth envelop the red head and tan veined shaft, to the tanner ring, his own first scar. His fingers trace Jake's jaw -- it is sandpaper

rough, and squared. He feels gentle teeth on the underside of his dick, which makes him cup Jake's chin and rush to the back of his throat, and Jake, his jaw snake-like, accepts the mouthful with a little grunt and some stifled swallows, his throat plugged. He snorts through his nose and closes his eyes, and Kevin stops watching, whispering now, "Good, good," and "I'm going to come, Jake," and he wants to pull out to unload, anticipating a big end, and he wants to stay where he is, in the spasm of Jake's throat, and his cock shudders and begins its own choke, the come forcing itself out, lots of it, filling Jake's mouth with its clotted creaminess until Jake himself chokes and inhales the lot of it.

He does not wait for Jake to catch up. He is looking for his hat, shorts in his hand, his wet cock drooping and slapping his thighs, leaving honeyed spots that stiffen the hairs there as he walks the room bare-assed. Jake kneels on the futon, staring at Kevin's behind, the heel of his fist slapping against his balls which are lifted between his thighs the way tits are lifted in a push-up bra. He listens, though, Kevin does, to Jake's shallow breathes, the sharp intake of air, and he has to look, has to watch the fountain Jake makes of himself, come flying up out of his hand like tossed confetti, covering the front of him. He falls back on his haunches, not unlike Kevin when they started out. His cock, bone white and still hard, an upward curve with a shining thread hanging from its fish-mouth-end. It sways before it breaks.

He wakes up in his own bed, surprised, because he dreamt that he was in Jake's, on the floor-bound futon and not his own box springs and mattress, rich-smelling sheets he can't remember the last time he washed. He has a pillow hugged at his mid-section, a hard-on, a thick and dusty mouth. The details of his dream are vaporous and fleeting, and he struggles to recall anything besides Jake's cold white sheets and, oddly, his own twin brother's bare feet.

His girlfriend calls from her cell phone, on her way to her job at the mall. He drinks a coke and tells her he's going to the gym. "Callie's shower is tonight," she says, reminding him he has a night free. They haven't fucked in a week, and she doesn't seem to mind any more or less than Kevin. "We'll be late," she says, and he wonders if she's fucking someone else anyway. And then he wonders if wondering and hoping are the same things.

He does not know what it is about Jake, the thing about him that keeps him calling and coming back. He sits in the corner of Kevin's mind, cross-legged, patient as a yogi. Kevin sees him in the lacquered reflection of fenders he's pinstriping, recalling odd moments: bent over CDs, standing on the bed of the motel room in Edison, trying on Kevin's jeans in yet another motel room. He calls, leaving quick messages, embarrassed. "Hey, it's me," Kevin says, not wanting to say his name and have it recorded. "It's me." He often does not know what else to say.

Jake goes to his bedroom, and Kevin follows. He looks at the pictures on Jake's walls, mostly photographed nudes, mostly Jake. Kevin does not look closely; the images still make him uncomfortable. He hides himself under a blanket, covering his unwieldy and shameful erection. It isn't until after a kiss or two that he begins to relax. His skin flushes, his forehead perspires. He becomes hungry, more than hungry

-- he is starved and needy. He rolls onto Jake, who is not soft; he does not give, but will yield when he's ready, knees flanking Kevin's hips, hands holding Kevin's head still for a long kiss. Jake makes a belt of his legs around Kevin's waist. Kevin works his cock in the rut between balls and thigh, and Jake humps up against the soft dark hairs of Kevin's belly. He lifts and tilts his hips, allows Kevin to roam the crevice of his ass. It is warm and rough there, a bushy crack that rasps the tender glans of Kevin's ruddy prick.

On the walls, there are close-ups of Jake's body, like what Kevin is seeing now. The sharp curling crease of Jake's closed armpit; the feathering dark hairs surrounding his navel and going nowhere. Jake twists himself, getting on his knees, keeping Kevin's dick between his ass cheeks.

"Spit there," he whispers, as if someone were in the next room, listening. Kevin drops a gossamer thread of saliva just under Jake's tailbone. He wipes his cock in it. He slips between the white dunes of Jake's ass, and then he catches the softened plush hole and hears Jake sigh.

At first, it is just a kiss, a peck from a friend, light and a little moist. The hole blooms then, the lips become full and easy, and Kevin finds himself leaning into it, his cock-head being enveloped, sucked in. He enters Jake dryly, but slowly, thumbing the untanned cheeks, staring hard at the back of Jake's head, the moment tinged suddenly with regret: "What am I doing?" He thinks about his girlfriend, his mother and father, his twin. He feels pulled in, as though slipping into a fevered pitch. It burns his shaft and is grainy. He does not hate it, though, or stop.

Jake makes noises, his face pressed into a pillow. He turns his head and looks at Kevin, who stops moving, arresting his own slow-motion fall into Jake. He cannot imagine how his hips will feel against Jake's ass, to have filled him like that. His cock pulses with the force of his blood, the thrust of his heart. He watches Jake close his eyes and turn to the pillow again, and he makes his slow descent again into Jake's tight bud.

"Doesn't it hurt?" he asks Jake's rippling back.

The voice he hears is muffled. "No," it says.

When he is almost all the way in, he stops again and asks, "Are you sure it doesn't hurt?" He doesn't want to believe it doesn't.



But Jake nods, rising up on his elbows, looking over his shoulder. He looks at Kevin's chest, maybe at the necklace he's forgotten to take off; Kevin can't be sure. He massages Jake's lower back, fingering upwards toward the fluttering muscles

across Jake's shoulder blades. Jake comes up off his elbows, pressing back against Kevin's body. Kevin holds onto him, in him. Jake's cock is hot against his wrist.

"Fuck me," he says quietly.

"Shut up," Kevin whispers. Jake's stomach is warm and hard. It is paneled with muscle. He leans back in Kevin's arms. He moves his ass, away but not far, and then back. Kevin tightens his embrace, but he cannot stop what Jake's insides are doing to him.

"Shut up," he says. "Shut up. Shut up."

Jake fucks himself, stabbing himself again and again. It's the tightness that almost scares Kevin. So tight. And the heat. Jake's ass-lips pull on the flanged head. He plunges in again, and before he's actually aware of it, he's pushed Jake forward again, getting his face into the pillow and holding it there, pumping into the little brown pinch, the tiny mouth. His hips slap up against Jake's ass; sweat blurs his sight. Jake moans, stifled. He is jerking off fast, tearing at his prick, beating it. Kevin watches it all like a fuzzy dream or something under water, and his own prick stiffens and he straightens his back, pulling out of the cunt he's made of Jake's ass, and pumps his semen all over him, and Jake cries into the pillow and when he's done, he shows Kevin his handful of come.

They trade places. Kevin lets him put his cock up inside him. It is not at all what he expected. Yes, it hurts and feels strange. He feels full, invaded, maybe a little sick to his stomach. He does not care for the way Jake plays with his nipples. He endures Jake's gentle thrusting, preferring his own finger to Jake's long stab of a cock. Once, Jake pushes too far, and Kevin gasps, injured, he's certain, wounded internally.

"Enough," he says, pulling himself off Jake's telescoping prick. There's music today. The windows are open. Someone is mowing his lawn. Kevin's hole burns. He rolls onto his back, bringing his knees up, away from Jake.

"I love this," Jake says; "Right here." He touches the back of Kevin's closest thigh, up near his ass. "That's my favorite part of you."

Kevin covers his eyes with his arm. "You have a favorite part?" he says.

"Don't you?" Jake asks. "Of me?" He strokes the spot on Kevin's thigh, where the hair becomes dense and suddenly ends.

"It's pretty," he hears Jake say, and he almost laughs.

"Pretty?" he says, uncovering his eyes. He can't see Jake clearly -- his eyes are unfocused. He sees his white shadow. The lawnmower stops. The music from the other room. So many songs Kevin's never heard before. He's always saying, "Who's this?" shaking his head at the reply: "Never heard of him." Or her, or them.

He gets up on his elbow, pulling a hair from his mouth. "That shit hurts," he says.

Jake laughs. "I guess you get used to it."

Kevin rubs his eyes. "But does it ever feel good?"

"For some," is the reply.

He looks at his hands, the hairy backs, the finger that should by now be ringed.

"You like it," he says, and he watches Jake smile.

"I do," Jake says.

Where have I been, where have I been? he asks himself this question again and again, his hair drying fast. Because she'll ask, she always does. He sniffs the crook of his arm, Jake's strange-smelling soap. He pulls his truck over to the side of the road. There's enough time to smell like himself again. Plenty of time. He gets out of the truck and opens the hood.

He checks his oil. Passing cars leave gusts; he blinks at the wind-pushed grit. Where has he been? The heat of the engine brings a sweat to his brow. He hears the whiny song that Jake was playing this afternoon -- "...a foolish love..." He closes the hood and wipes his hands on his forearms, his neck, down inside his t-shirt. On his way home, he stops at his father's house so that he can say without lying, "I stopped at Dad's."

Where is this going, Jake wants to know, and Kevin stops to think. Where could it go? But he doesn't have the imagination for this kind of question. He shrugs his shoulders, immediately regretting the lameness of the gesture, watching as Jake gets up off the futon and walks to the bathroom to piss. He returns, his cock a pudgy pendant, not yet flaccid after the blowjob Kevin gave him.



He stands over Kevin, his arms across his chest. "I'm tired of the short end of the stick," he says, and Kevin grins, because it sounds like the punchline of a joke, and Jake says, "This isn't funny."

Kevin regards the man's feet, their bony angularity. He brings his middle finger to chew its cuticle. It will be bleeding when he gets home.

Where is this going? "I don't know," Kevin says, struggling. There's no place to go. He touches the sheet. Here, he thinks. His skin is brown, tanned from a weekend at the beach where he asked Jeanie to marry him.

There's so little time suddenly. He's not thinking this, but feeling it. He looks around himself. This will all be gone and what will he remember of any of it. A song he'll never hear on the radio. Jake's fingers on the buttons of his shirt for the first time. But not this throat lump, not the sudden wet at the corners of his eyes, and not, not ever, this nearly unbearable feeling of losing the one thing he always -- he realizes now, too late -- ALWAYS wanted.

The End

R. J. March *lives in upstate New York. The latest collection of his work* *Hard*, *is due to be published at the end of 2002. He is also anthologized in* *Friction: Best Gay Erotica Vol. 4.* *and* *Looking For Trouble; the Erotic Fiction of R.J. March*, *both published by Alyson Books.*